

## GALA DAY DOPE

BY AN OLD BROMO

I'll bet my new spring hat that the Barbs and their chums, the Alpha Sigs, were just as surprised as the Thetas when they won that last election.

Three candidates for Queen of Gala Day! Might as well say Mr. Hoover is the only one who is eligible to run for the president's chair.

And the runner-up for the Queen's throne can stand behind her as attendant and knash her teeth and tear her eyelashes in envy.

They make a big secret out of who the Queen is so that nobody won't go home disgusted until it's too late.

They'd better have a better orchestra this year. Last time the Queen went into a trance and almost fell into the lake.

HER attendant was there but do you think SHE would try and stop her? Nope. She tried to give her an extra push but there were too many newspaper men standing around.

North High is just the place for the Gala Day procedure now. If some COLLEGE men had been elected instead of a lot of recapitulatory-minded high school youths, I might have had something to say about it. But now with young Teens in charge, I say "On to high school for some more Opportunity sermons."

I've still got a sneaking suspicion that the Barb-Alpha Sig clique is disappointed because there wasn't more places on the ticket to be filled. They might even have found a place for John Roberts.

He played his part as poll-keeper. Funny how there were two Barbs in charge of that thing just about all day. Maybe that's how the Thetas lost. Don't get me wrong. I mean the Thetas didn't have a chance to stuff the thing this year. Yes?

After Gala Day is over this year, maybe we'll wish they had a chance to do it after all.

One thing in Woerner's favor is that his peter owns a truck.

We can't say a thing for the Hargroves—yet.

Wonder what would happen if the track men showed up for the coronation and the Queen and her gang showed up for the track meet, appropriately dressed, of course.

Of course, that isn't particularly amusing, but I can't kill it. We columnists just have to fill space.

Some of the boys are training for the track meet; others are just training. Widoe is letting his hair grow so he can let it down and cry when he trails in last man.

And as for the Night Show, if it's to be anything like the one last year—the least said the better.

I understand some of the boys in the Cardinal Club who tore out here last year to play in the show, were quite disappointed when they weren't given a chance at the Greek dapsos. A Gala Night show will probably be of considerable enterprise this year, too. Sordid commercialism.

If that person Jean gets up on the stage and gets any more of his petrid in this year he will receive a reputation that would shame even those of huge fruit fame.

But then, the boys of tend mothers and fathers who say delects to see their pretty daughters and handsome sons act on the stage, the show will probably be a big success again.

# THE GRUDGE SHEET

A HISSED PUBLICATION

Vol. X

Omaha Municipal University—April 1, 1931

No. 11

# ASSASSINATION!

## ARREST STUDENT

### HOLD WOERNER ON BATTERY CHARGES

Throws Phone at Mr. Ward From Third Floor

#### CASE DISMISSED

N. K. Woerner was arranged in the local police court today on a charge of throwing with intent to do injury. The defendant was represented by Helena Gebuhr, alumni member of the university.

The complaint was entered by Mr. Ward who has charge of the university buildings at Twenty-Fourth and Pratt Streets. He claimed that the missile thrown by Mr. Woerner missed his head by mere nothing and crashed into small bits on the sidewalk nearby.

Witnesses in the case included Miss Alice Smith of the Registrar's office; Registrar Helmstrader; Bursar Crenshaw and numerous others.

Ming Gebuhr was outstanding as she questioned the witnesses.

(Continued on page 3)

#### AT THE PARAMOUNT

Marlene Dietrich, the well known actress who scored an outstanding hit in "Morocco", is the star of a new and powerful Paramount drama entitled "Dishonored", coming to the Paramount Theatre in Omaha during week of April 2. Playing opposite the mysterious Marlene is Victor McLaglen, the popular star of the "Cock-Eyed World" and "What Price Glory?"

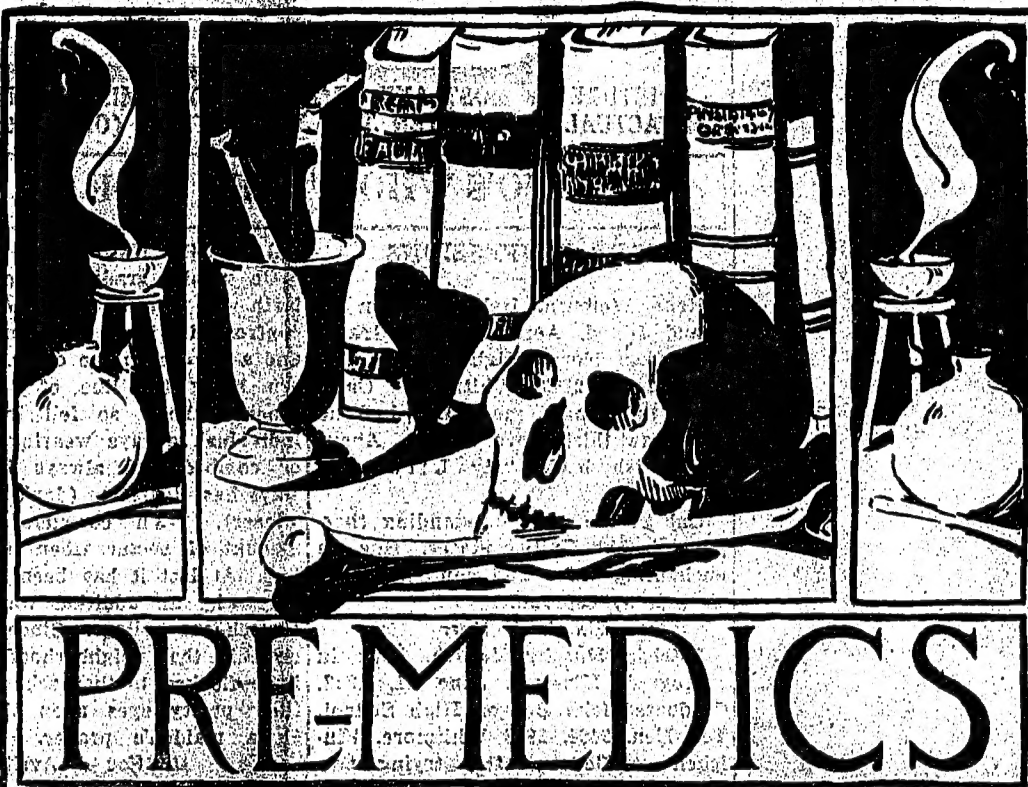
"Dishonored" is a vividly told story, directed by Josef Von Sternberg, the discoverer of Marlene Dietrich. With dramatic effectiveness Von Sternberg has built a story of espionage and a woman's heroic and self-sacrificing love for a man she has trapped as a traitor. But once having unmasked the treachery of the man she has come to love, the fascinating heroine of "Dishonored" fights desperately to save him from the inevitable fate which she knows awaits him. The manner in which she sets out to save her lover at the risk of her own life makes for stirring, dramatic entertainment, building suspense with each succeeding sequence. There is a climax of intense power, novel in treatment and far removed from the conventional formula applied to many pictures of this type.

#### AT THE STATE

With its original story written by a naval officer, its screen play and dialog by another navy officer, and filmed with full co-operation by the Navy, "The Sea Beneath" is said to be nearly perfect technically.

This first talkie, of the Allied campaign against the U-boat menace, is from a story by James Parker, Jr., recently a commander in the U. S. naval forces, and the scenario, Dudley Nichols, held a commission in the Navy's forces overseas.

George O'Brien and Marion Leonard have the featured roles in the picture, which makes its initial ap-



X MARKS THE SPOT

X MARKS THE SPOT

OF THE UNIVERSITY HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED THE DIFFICULT TASK OF ASSEMBLING THE ANATOMY OF THE EDITORS OF THIS SHEET SINCE THE ASS ASSINATION. IT IS NOT YET KNOWN IF THE SKULL PICTURED IS THAT OF THE CHIEF EDITOR OR SOMEBODY'S DEAD MULE.

pearance here next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at the State Theatre.

#### AT THE ORPHEUM

On the screen Radio Pictures is introducing their new comedy combination, Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert, this twin team of gloom chasers and laugh getters will keep you laughing till you say uncle. Both of these stars will be remembered as great fun makers in their previous pictures.

Edna May Oliver for her fine work in "Cimarron" and Hugh Herbert who gave you many laughs in "Half Shot At Sunrise". "LAUGH AND GET RICH" is the title of their first picture. It is a very fast moving comedy drama with many effective situations. Supporting RKO new comedy team is little unforgettable Dorothy Lee whose charming Personality needs no introduction.

#### WE'RE ROBBERS

This publication forbids any original thinking. All ideas, jokes, and stories are stolen from our exchanges. They'll probably sue us for plagiarism but—poof! What's a little thing like a slap in the face. Look at the publicity Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser got. We're robbers, absolutely.

### Police Helpless as Students Are Mobbed

Be on Lookout For a Yellow Roadster

#### MAKE LAST ISSUE

Once again the University of Omaha publication scoops the city dailies, The Creightonian, the Onward Omaha, and the Hash-House Herald with a stupendous announcement of the latest local tragedy.

Within one hour after this paper was off the press, every member of The Grudge Sheet Staff was put on the spot by members of the well-known vigilance committee and brutally murdered. The campus at this moment is littered with limbs, teeth, false hair and loose eyebrows. Several bottles were thrown during the fray but nothing of value was lost.

The entire staff will be buried in dishonor somewhere near the city dump. Before the burial, dismembered parts of several persons will have to be located. It is rumored that the chief copy-writer's right thumb is hidden somewhere in Wisconsin. Be on the look-out for a yellow Chevrolet with four wheels.

Services will be held up pending patent on this article. All rights reserved.

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GATEWAY

1921



# THE GRUDGE SHEET

## NEW EDITORIAL STAFF

THE BULL.....John "On the Spot" Baloney  
 BODYGUARD  
 THE RAT.....Machine-Gun Mat  
 THE SKUNK.....Lame Lou (himself)

GANGSTER'S TOOLS  
 Spike Blowhard.....Louisville Lou  
 Coach Liehard.....Mainstreet Maimie  
 Benny Bilgard.....Sidestreet Sue

STAFF MOTTO  
 "WHO SAID SO? NOBODY BUT BALONEY! THAT'S WHO!!!"  
 CHARTER MEMBERS  
 NATIONAL ASSOCIATED BOOTLEGGERS INCORPORATED  
 Founded in 1918  
 "X-MARKS THE SPOT-X"



### STUDENT CLASSIFICATION

This is an age of types. It is only logical that on this Holiday of Fools we list those persons who fall into their types so easily. EMPTY WAGONS MAKE THE MOST NOISE, say no more. Claude Jelen, First Prize.

Mary Alice Simpson, Honorable Mention (requested by several faculty members).

Charles R. Gardner, a close second. Say no more.

Robert Streetwizer, just a football boy.

Bozo Huff, another egg.

Harold Glass, a blushing matrimonialite.

Sam Thomas, beerguzzler.

Rose Weber, speaks for herself.

Weinberg, Harry. Dear me!

Paul Haynie, married? We doubt it.

Harry Barber, a young innocent.

#### PULCHERITUDINOUS PATRICIANS:

Marjorie Darling, see Bill Wood.

Helen Swoboda, too much Krutchen.

Maxine Munt, old man Hegarty.

Jeanette Clark, open for engagements.

Anita Benson, a Woerner monopoly.

Benson, Marion, just another Widoe prospect.

Adelyn Specht, of Huff, Huff, and Huff.

Mable Shively, such a big girl, too!

Louise Hadfield, who said shy?

Ruth McKensie, say no more.

Anne Macken, car an' everything.

Ellouise Jetter, a girl with a job.

Kvoarik, Frances, whoops! mistake. Next column please.

#### YOUNG ILLITERATES:

Bob Browne, poetry writer.

Carl Uhlarick, story penner.

Maxine Delavan, a la College Humor.

Julia Salyards, works (who?)

Helen Johnson, one reason why we have no new cartoons.

DeLene Brownlee, not so bad.

Franklin Doty, fell down lately.

Howard Shinrock, he's the guy.

Virginia Allen, a high school remnant.

Bruce Gideon, a song and laugh boy, mostly laugh.

Don Harris, done nothing yet.

Ruth Musil, same for her.

Carleton Williams, just a Barb pal.

Doris Chase, fair, fair.

Elizabeth Wendland, Cynthia herself.

Jeanette Winters, another promoter (Founders' Day).

Egythe Grobmann, an old-time journalist.

#### BUDDING POLITICIANS:

N. K. Woerner, ask him.

Earl Hargrove,—well.

Donald Marshal, the pedigog.

Merwin Hargrove, another—well.

Ben Huff, scullion.

Shelby Gamble, charge it to the army. (Sir Galahad!)

Kenneth Hubler, sings in a choir. (sings!)

Walford Marra, my hero! (paid for that busted wheel yet!)

Delmar Hills, Sir Walter Trench mouth.

Warren Wallace, wandering wessel.

#### WHAT HO! A ROAST TO THE LADIES:

Barbara Dallas, party of the first part.

Jane Piskard, party of the second part.

Elma Gove White, party of the third part.

Take your pick of the above; WE don't know.

Mary Jane Davies, what a girl.

Gladys Reynolds, terrible Barb.

Jean Andrews, Hoffman candidate.

Bernice Orshaky, P. O. president, tough!

Wilma Fillers, a Physics STUDENT.

Fog Glee, heart breaker.

Dorothy Hughes, nice, although a Big Oh!

#### CUTTING VICTIMS (Tra la la, etc. If it's worth anything have it turned):

Harvey Langmeyer and Ross Weber, first prize, Exhibit A.

William Gunders and that red-haired boy. Hon. Mention.

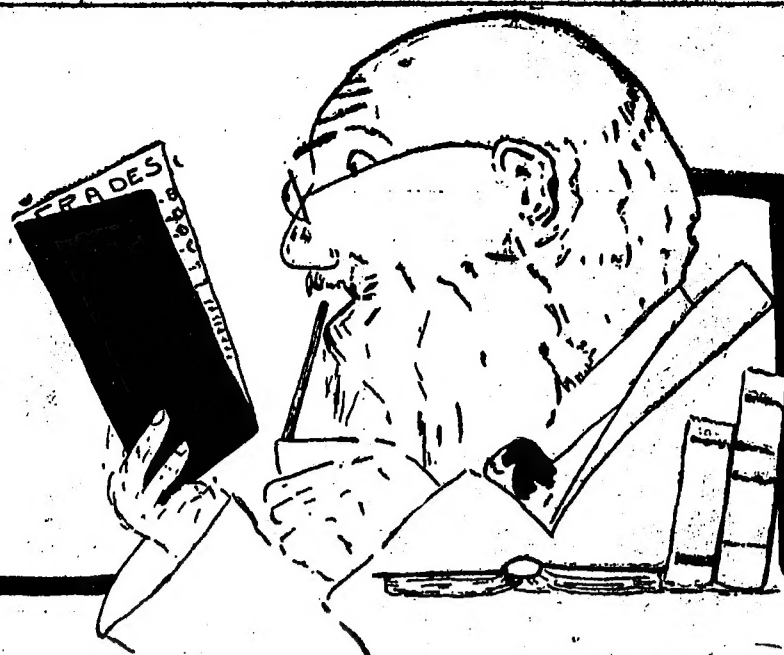
Doctor Brown and Miss Weiburn, we may be wrong.

Edna and Andrews, Incorporated.

Thompson and Mary. Old-timers.

Henry White and wife. Newb-weds. (Moral: why wait?)

Walter and Fog Giffert. Merry love company.



# FACULTY

PICTURE OF MOST ANY PROFESSOR DREAMING OF THE DAYS WHEN HE COULD GO BEFORE HIS CLASS WITH A GRADE BOOK AND ACTUALLY FRIGHTEN THE YOUNGSTERS. (One of those same youngsters is after the old boy's job for next year).

### WHO'S WHO AT THE U. OF O.

#### TRUE CONFESSIONS

Hope Welburn, Italian, born in Grand Island, April 7, 1911. Graduated from North High School. Tel. Ken. 2465, 2883 Whitmore. Can't stand red headed men. Has had no less than thirty love affairs. About to publish book, "My Life and Loves."

One of the most outstanding thespians in the United States. Has an enchanting voice and can sing bass as well as soprano.

Ein April Narr

Patricia Murphy, Jewish, born in Petrograd, Missouri, June 11, 1913. Graduated from Benson High School. Tel. Ken. 2464, 2883 Whitmore. Finished at Benson after trying two other schools, disliking both. Left Tech by request. It is reported that Miss Murphy has a dark and questioned past. Her reticence makes it difficult to explain at length her idiosyncracies. It is rumored that she also is planning to publish a book on love making.

Un Tonto de Abril

Pat Quinn from beginning to end recollecting everything. Born in New York, Kansas, January 31, 1910. Tel. Jackson 2345. Address either city

jail or 3412 Hawthorne.

On uphill grade from time of birth to present time. At present confronted with a cliff on one side and a cavern on the other. The cavern being the line of least resistance (school) so fell in. A rare individual, always wearing hair never combed and always broke. Always has cigarettes (don't tell Streiwieser). Can consume a goodly amount of nectar when it is to be had. At last it has been discovered just why an addition was built to Deuschene college. Since Pat's arrival in that neighborhood the girls have flocked to that school to feast their pretty eyes upon the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Un Fou d'Avril

Bob Hegarty, Febr. 31, 1911. Wal. 6878, 2034 No. 48th Ave. Halls from Benson High School, believe it or not. Failed to pass Frosh test. Never uses improper language and never has been known to split an infinitive. Reads love stories and writes amorous epistles. Ardent student of History and dislikes blondes, detests red heads and abhors brunettes. Walked the straight and narrow path until he stepped upon a banana peeling.

### Barbs Organize Again And Form Truth Club

Members of the local Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have organized a new Truth Club wherein smoking, drinking chewing and promiscuous expectorating will be done in public instead of in private as before. The club elected Shoenfelt as president; Kenneth Hubler, vice-president; and Jeanette Winters, Sgt. at Arms.

The club hopes to give an all-school dance in the near future. According to the new president, this will be the method by which the Barbs pay back the Greeks for all the recent free dances.

Ed James and Pal. Look what a Chevrolet will do. M. Hargrove and Jane. Nice car SHE has. McMahill and Rea. Ain't love expensive! Professor Shepherd Witman of the Economics Department (home) and Opal Larson Witman. Happy pair. A. P. Condon and his Miss Smith. Golly! Ford, Specht, Schaeffer and Huff, Bozo. Three gollys! Wilbur Olson and B. Allen. The picture man and his ideal. Quinn and Leah. Page the Bowery. Max and Maxine, of last year fame. Wood and Marjorie. Just a musician, poor girl! D. Thompson and his Council Bluffs riot. Mable and her harem (masculine gender). Laurence "Cus" Anderson and Grace oah, careful with the cables.

Helen Johnson and Mr. Butler, a doctor. Hanks and HIS nurse. Just Haynie's pal. Bob Day and G. Oum, swede Jenny Lee. Betty Charleville and her Jack. A high school hang-over. Burke and Kathleen. Change cars. Joe Wanduscher and Eleanor. Conservatory tragedy. Bud Hall and Marjio. Riding street cars to save dough. Carrol Sals and G. Welch. A noble experiment. Sue Kemper and Howard Green. A musician who landed! (Add thirty per cent for other hook-ups since press time).

### Nab Local Students At Nebraska Brawl

Among those who were arrested at the University of Nebraska last Saturday evening when the Alpha Theta Chi house was raided during a party there, were Louise Hadfield who dated Charles R. Gardner, and Rowena Anderson who was caught in company with John Barber.

Joe Wanduscher, curly Pellesleur (pronounced "sewer") together with several ladies from the Omaha Conservatory of music was carried, yes, carried to the patrol wagon. Bonds were arranged at ten cents each.

### "EPITAPH IN RETALIATION"

The literary corner is intended for the publication of amateur poetry and short prose selections written exclusively by the students of the University of Omaha. The encouragement of talent along literary lines is its earnest aim. Any contributions from students will be welcome.

#### (IN THE MANNER OF GOLDSMITH)

Here lies Freddie Wi—, of off-blushing pan,  
 An unabridged volume of what's nil in man.  
 As actor he thought himself one of the age,  
 But he couldn't stop acting when he left the stage.

Aspiring to scholar, he called himself "wit,"  
 Friends just smiled and then prefixed his noun with NIT.  
 When talk centered on him that boy was all ears,  
 When not—he was most hard of hearing, my dears.

His talents were many—like a 'monk' in a zoo—  
 He'd show you them all in a minute or two.  
 He copied the English in air and in looks,  
 His chit-chat smacked strangely of Wodehouse's books.

At track he felt HE had a race-horse's way;  
 The facts showed him more like the species that brays.  
 He spoke with assurance on frats, dates, and death;  
 Yet one fault he had—that of drawing a breath.

At all times he was a sly rogue and a bore—  
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of more.

—Bob O. Link.

(Continued from Page One)

few high spots are given.

Q: "Did you, on the afternoon of March 24, happen to be mowing the lawn of the university at Twenty-Fourth and Pratt Streets?"

Mr. Ward: "I was pushing the mower, if that's what you mean."

Q: "Did you happen to go near the main buildings at any time?"

A: "Naturally."

Q: "Will you tell the court in your own words as well as you can what happened while you were mowing the lawn?"

Mr. Ward at this point repeated what has already been said, that the missile missed his head by mere nothing and busted "all to pieces on the sidewalk."

Q: "Have you any known enemies, Mr. Ward?"

A: "Only those who think I should do everything they tell me. They don't last long. I take the shades out of their rooms. Heh, heh."

Q: "Do you know of any person who would deliberately make an attempt on your life?"

A: "Nobody. Nobody at all."

The court later placed the defendant on the stand.

Q: "Mr. Woerner, have you ever tried talking over the outwire from The Grudge Sheet office?"

A: "Yesirree, I have that."

Q: "Have you ever had the of-see butt in and ask who it was that was calling?"

A: "Yesirree I have that."

Q: "What happened in your own words?"

A: "I took up the telephone in The Grudge Sheet office. I placed the receiver to my ear. The office said the usual thing in the usual polite, very businesslike manner. I asked for the outwire. That girl (here Mr. Woerner became quite excited, rose to his chair and pointed a shaking finger at Alice Smith) that girl for the ten thousandth time

Can you blame me?"

asked who wanted to use the wire.

At this point the judge interrupted to dismiss the case.

"You were entirely justified in throwing that phone out of the window," advised the judge. "But after this be sure the window is open and that Mr. Ward is not prowling around below when you let loose. Case dismissed."

That was the end of the famous Woerner Office Case.

#### WANTED

Ardith Coultter of Council Bluffs fame desires the company of a man who will agree to pay the bridge toll betwixt hither and yon henceforth. See her personally.



STILL AT IT

The hard part about teaching youngsters good manners is to tell them how without showing them.

First: "John, ask you tell me why Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence?"

John: "Cause he couldn't afford to hire a stenographer."



## GREEKS

**Alpha Sigma Lambda**  
Since so many special meetings with their sorority sisters have been held the past few weeks, the regular business meeting has been postponed until a later date.

**Phi Sigma Phi**  
C. L. Hollister entertained the chapter at a slumber party last Saturday night. Fortunes were told by Benny Huff, Checkers and other exciting games were indulged in. Party decorations of pink and green were used.

**Theta Phi Delta**  
Thetas held a Consolation party at the Woman's Club on Sunday afternoon since their dinner-dance, held last weekend at Kees's Dancing Academy, was a flop. Cocoa and cookies were served.

**Sigma Chi Omicron**  
Sigma Chi Sewing Circle held its weekly meeting in the Y room last Monday. Peg Gilbert demonstrated making button-holes. Jeanette Clarke showed the group how she takes buttons off shirts. Marjorie Darling is interested in learning how to put buttons on shirts—also how to darn socks.

The present project of the club is crocheting around wash-rags to sell to the boys of the football dorm.

**Pi Omega Pi**  
At the last meeting emotion was made to learn how to smoke cigarettes—just to be different. A package of Cubes was smuggled into the meeting and passed as far as they would go. The sickest members of the group decided to try pipes next time, a la Northwestern.

**Phi Delta Psi**  
The time of the last meeting was spent by the members taking turns reading aloud from the book, *Things Every Girl Should Know*. (Editor's note: The Kappas have asked us to request that the Phi Deltas return this book to them as soon as possible, as they borrowed it from the Phi Sigs several months ago and wish to return it to them.)

**Kappa Psi Delta**  
Kappas held a Skating party at the X. W. C. A. on Saturday evening. They were properly chaperoned, as usual, by the mothers of several of the members. Stick candy and gum were passed out during the evening. Genevieve Cass fell down on her skates several times and broke her wrist watch.

Inexpensive prizes were given to the best skaters. Genevieve Cass won first prize.

**Gamma Sigma Omicron**  
The Gammas are making every effort to prove that they are still the sweet, innocent little girls they used to be in spite of the ultra sophistication of a Muni Uni. and the Alpha Sigs.

At the last meeting it was decided to accept the offer of a local company to pose for silk stocking ads. Several alumni members warned the girls to stay away from young salesmen, however.

Her lovely figure was slender as a student's bankroll and her feet were as small as an athlete's chance of flunking.

## "Arts and Crafts" Has Found Unknown Writer A University Student

The last issue of "Arts and Crafts" published at Topeka, Kansas, by Hugh Robert Orr and Company carries an article of intense interest to Omaha students. The writer of "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor" has been discovered.

Bob Browne of local literary fame is the gentleman in question. According to the article, Mr. Brown states:

"I, and nobody else wrote that thing and I'm proud of it. I'm telling this to Mr. Orr because I know he can keep a secret." The article describes him:

"His countenance is most unusual calling forth the direct abuse of caricaturists all over the world. The dark undergrowth on his forehead is seized upon and enlarged, making Mr. Brown appear to be a quite unusual fellow. Of course, his physiognomy marks him for what he is."

Mr. Brown has recently had other literature accepted by an Eastern Publishing House.

## Little Ida May to Be A Great Big Girl Now

Ida May Grossman announced today that she recently signed a four year contract with the Hickup, Hickup and Hickup circus, corporation to appear twice daily as the big lady.

"When you hear the man screaming: Come see the big girl with the big show; see her drop from one hundred feet into a quart of water without spilling a drop, you'll know it's just little me," sighed Ida, pensively.



### TWO OF THE MOB

On the way home from the football game in an open air car, the absent-minded professor finally remembered what it was his wife wanted him to get her for her birthday. It was a frigidaire.

Wife: "Dear, you know I dreamed last night that you gave me a nice, fur coat. I wonder what that is a sign of."

Hubby: "My dear, that is just a sign that you were dreaming."

Chemistry Prof.: "What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"  
De Free: "Blonds."

## Undergraduates



BARBS!

### CORRECTION

We are sorry that a correction must be made. In the last issue it was announced that a play was to be given entitled "The Butter and Egg Man." That was wrong.

That play which brings tears to our eyes, a choke that no cough can conceal, a feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain, an ache that cannot be in our hearts, fellow students and sobsters, that great play "For Old Trenchmouth" will be rendered as the Senior class masterpiece.

False Teeth, the villain, will be played by that old Shakesperian actor, Fred Widoe; I. O. Dent, by F. Rustie Baker; "Toots" Brush, Hope Welburn; Justa Cavity, Patricia Murphy; Eva Dent, Rose Weber; Goldie Filling, Maxine Munt; Lister Ine, Charles Gardner; Cole Gates, Robert Veitling.

We hope no more mistakes will be made.

A handkerchief used by William Penn has been found. It will be placed in a museum and labeled: The Original Pen Wiper.

Little Jack had been to the dentist to have a troublesome tooth removed. On the way home his mother casually remarked: "I think that dentist was a very nice gentleman. He took a great deal of pains."

"Took!" repeated Jack scornfully. "You mean gived, don't ya?"

"Ain't that cow got a lovely coat, Ted?"

"Yes, it's a Jersey."

"There now! And I thought it was its skin!"

"I hear that you have a new job."

"Yeah, I'm a manicurist in a bakery."

"Manicurist in a bakery?"

"Yeah, I got charge of the lady-fingers."

"What time does the train come in?" asked little Edward of the old station agent.

"Why you little rascal, I've told you 5 times that it comes in at 4:44."

"I know it," replied Edward, but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say 4:44."

"Yes, I like the room but the neighbors can hear everything we say."

"Well I shall be pleased to hang heavy tapestry on the walls."

"But then we can't hear what the neighbors say."

Jackson: "No, my new car didn't cost me so much. I traded in my old cornet as first payment."

Johnson: "I didn't know they they would take a cornet as a payment on a car."

Jackson: "Well, you see, they don't usually, but the salesman is a near neighbor of mine."

A Scotchman walked into a barber shop. Looking around and nodding to one of the barbers he remarked "Are you the fellow that cut my hair the last time?"

"No, it couldn't have been me," replied the barber. "I haven't been here six months yet."

Barber: "I haven't been here six months yet."

### CHANGE CHAPEL

Among the changes which will take place during the ensuing (nice word, Gaston) months will be:

Redecoration of the gym and abandonment of attempts at holding an intellectual gathering. The piano will be tuned up, Glenn Haughness will be hired at one jot per tittle and the Hash House Squad will wrastle to the last man. We believe this move receives the unfold endorsement of the old regime faculty members.

Chapel services, assembly programs, pep meetings, this way out. Youth shall rain.

### STUFF AND HOOIEY

Wonder if the guy who wrote, "Seeking an education is one of the most delightful occupations in existence," ever had to cram for a semester exam with the radio playing grand opera and the neighbor's dog bawling the loss of a six months' soup bone with strident cries of bereavement and vengeance?

Do the walls of the classroom become yellowed with knowledge and sagacity or is it from the absence of cleansing soap and water?

Quoting an eminent psychologist, "Love is a hopeless mixture of joy and sorrow." Evidently the author of this definition never fell in love with a co-ed.

Discovered a new way of saying, "intestinal fortitude," the new method of signifying such a condition can be blandly quoted as, "visceral endurance."

Noticed early arrival of robins cavorting about the campus singing happily. They would change their song if they had to hop from classroom to classroom to the tune of the "Golden Rule."

If every university student fulfilled the fond expectations of his doting parents, who would dig our ditches and push our wheelbarrows?

If you are still reading this thing this far you will come to realize perhaps that you are wasting your time that could be more profitably spent pushing straying fishworms back into their burrows and replacing the turf.

The soldiers were complaining of the food and the officer came in. He asked, "What is the matter?"

One Soldier: "Lieutenant, I don't like the taste of this."

Officer (sampling it): "Why I think that is very fine soup!"

Private: "Maybe so, sir, but the K. P. gave it to me for coffee."

Grocer (after filling molasses jug): "Here's your molasses, sonny; where's your dime?"

Boy: "I left it in the jug."

### SPECIAL

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## "Einstein Wrong" Cry Learned Assistants From Science Hall

John "The Dude" Dressler, the lad with the cast-iron lungs (smoking rubber bands affects him not) together with Geoffrey "Tough Egg" Lintzman, also a Science Hall demon, have collaborated together and formulated the following theory of relativity: X equals sin over the cos, mostly sin.

"Einstein is all wet," declared Mr. Dressler in an extended interview with The Grudge Sheet representative. "In fact, he's saturated. You may say for me that X has never equalled Y at all. Get me?"

Mr. Dressler later on insisted that the reporter publish a lengthy account of his latest affair, that with "Miss Gateway" of one year ago. "She was a good gal but she left me," he sobbed, sorrowfully.

As for Mr. Lintzman, the least said, the better. That bird will be almost scummed when he sees how he at last busted into print. Requisite. Scat! Bad medicine.

## Bookstore Barkster Will Pay Greek Dues

June Pickard of the university bookstore has been awarded a fifty thousand dollar prize on her essay "Jipping the Honest Public," by the American Society of Loafers and Puntsters. She made no comment on the award saying that she intended to invest the major portion of the award in paying off her dues to Pi Omega Sigh, one of the smaller sororities on the campus.



AFTER AND BEFORE

### CHRIS HANSEN

The North Omaha Jeweler

SCIENTIFIC WATCH

and

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## GREEK JABS

Where, my lad, are the innocent Gammas of the yesteryear?

Out with the Alpha Sigs, you say?

Wrong, Albert. Them Alpha Sigs are preachers and psalm singers, mostly preachers.

Oh, father, my father, what of the recent escapades on Carter Lake Blvd., etc.? What of the rendezvous in empty hallways and dark rooms?

Hush, hush, my son. 'Tis best not to be forever seeking evil like a janitor with a broom.

Child Harold: What broom?

Always be able to hold your nose high into the air and say: "Here's one guy what ain't had his arm around a Gamma."

Oh, father, father. What harm?

Change the subject.

Speaking of vacant rooms, what about that young Phi Sig and his wench?

The rooms aren't vacant when they are there, are they?

You win, Einstein.

As Bugs Baer would say: "I don't know what I'm driving at but you can take your choice."

Who can tell?

And what of that Theta and Rose?

It gets so tiresome. Change the subject.

Well anyhow. The Kappas used to be a sorority. What are they now? Three guesses. Since Marg Addy Patterman stopped promoting, the stock has gone down, down and down. (Sounds like a corporation, hey Benny?)

And how are the Phi Sigs making out with the Physics prof as a sponsor.

About on a par with his classes.

Philosopher's note: Physics is are of little use to an inappitent.

Who's a drunkard? No one, Alvan. Mere parody.

As for the Phi Deltas, who are they? Like the Pi O's, and Sig Chi's they seem to have left the campus to the Gammas. Kappas don't count.

Well, maybe old chromos DO have the best judgements after all.

Influence of the Medical School, Barbers College and Creighton. Perhaps.

Maybe high schools, too. Who can tell?

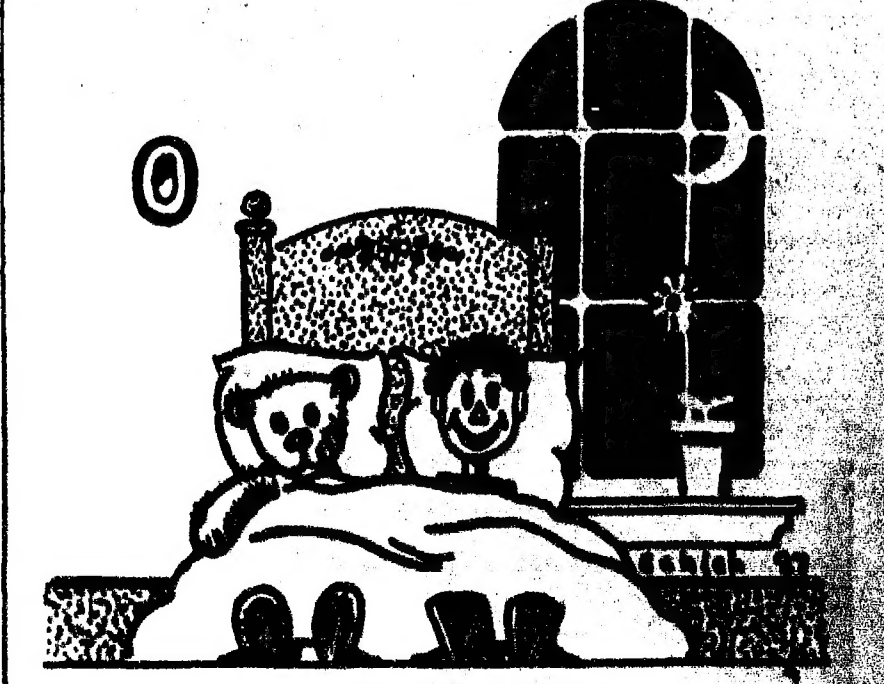
"Who was the greatest financier mentioned in the Bible?"  
"Abraham, I guess."

"No, it was Noah. He floated all of his stock while the rest of the world was in a state of liquidation."

## MEMORIES

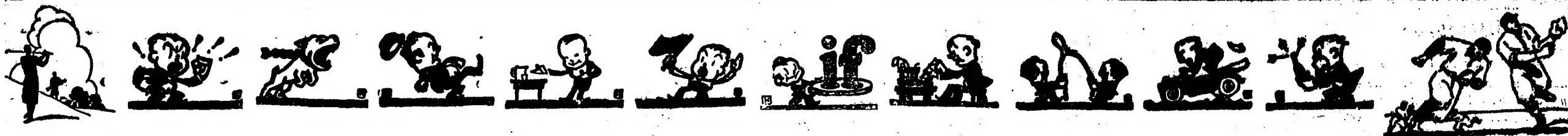


YESTERDAY'S PROFESSOR



HUFF AND HIS TEDDY





# Fourteen Pages Of Comics Every Sunday

## AN APOLOGY

To the outsider who reads the sport page for the first time this issue, we must offer a word of advice. The Omaha university sport page has been just a comic sheet for many years. Today we make it a little more sensible by placing real good jokes where they belong. We might mention a present member of the faculty who should be named as chief editor of this joke page—but we won't.

## Riskabaugh and Squad Ready for Sioux City Will Bring Home Bacon to Hungry Fans

### FACULTY IMPROVING

Coach Riskabaugh and his squad of mermen will journey to Sioux City Friday night for the annual Missouri Valley swimming meet. This will be the first meet of the year.

Although the Redbirds have failed to make much more progress than usual this year, Coach Riskabaugh has high hopes of bringing home the bacon if he has to carry it himself. Ataboy, Riskabaugh. We're for you.

His 300-yard medley relay team, composed of Maynard Van Dyke, Earl Hargrove, Oliver Hasselblad, and W. Dean Yohe, will place themselves, he believes, among the first three to finish in that event.

Another one of Omaha's fast improving swimming teams is composed of faculty members whose names will not be given owing to the coming shake-up in that staff next year. The Grudge Sheet can't afford to take any risks.

## Permission Given Co-ed to Carry Gun

Miss Marian Rea, ravishing campus beauty, appeared in Moot Court today to petition for a permit to carry a gun and to have a guard placed around the Grudge Sheet Office. Miss Rea states that she fears her life to be in danger since the assassination of said staff. The young lady was granted her request and passed out with a sigh.

The police are holding several suspects; Pat Quinn, gangster, is not to be found.

## DO FISH SWIM?

The Y. W. C. A. wishes to announce that smoking rooms are to be established on every floor of the new Municipal U. This is in keeping with the new organization that they have formed. Girls are especially welcome.

The Y stand on Prohibition is unwavering. Could fish live up to prohibition? Well?

## BOY BREAKS LIMB

Stanley Putnam is unfortunate in having a broken arm. We did not learn the cause if he fell from the hay-mow, from a horse or out of bed or from plain awkwardness.

Any way he is absent from typing classes.

—Submitted.

Student: "I want to open an account here."

Clerk: "All right, how much do you wish to deposit?"

Student: "Why, nothing, I want to draw out forty dollars."

Prof. Kline: "What is steel wool?"

Kline: "The fleece from a hydrate."

Rastus: "Wha' fo you all lookin' so unnecessary, Mose?"

Mose: "Ah feels like a dumb owl."

Rastus: "A dumb owl? Boy, reveal yo' meanin'."

Mose: "Ah, jes' don' gipe a hoot."

Hobo: "Yes, lady, dere was a time when I had money to burn—and worse'n dat I did burn it."

"You never really lose a friend," said Uncle Eben. "A man who goes back on you wasn't a friend in the first place."—Washington Star.

First Youtr: "So you aren't going to marry that schoolteacher?"

Second Ditto: "No, I couldn't show up one night, and she wanted me to bring a written excuse signed by my parents."

Wawa: "How did the Sphinx get credit for being so wise?"

Olson: "By keeping his mouth shut for 3,000 years."

Prof.: "Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class: "Yes."

Prof.: "Good, you will probably understand it this time."

## Oxford Loses Title To Omaha Talksters

Will Meet Vassar Squad This Saturday

### "BLESSINGS TO MAN"

"Resolved: That a girl's I. Q. is in proportion to the thickness of rouge and lipstick used." This was the topic of discussion between the Muni-Y and the Oxford debate teams Saturday night which gave the world title in debate.

The Y debaters, N. K. Woerner, Paul Brauner, and Harry Barber, the masculine victors of this momentous and wordy battle, should be congratulated on their success in winning this title from Oxford—a college famous for its debating the world over.

Next Saturday night, Franklyn Doty, George Thatcher, and Robert Streitwieser, the woman's debate team of the Y, will meet a team from Vassar, a fashionable woman's college at Poughkeepsie, New York. They will debate on a subject that has created world wide discussion. "Resolved: A man's I. Q. may be determined by the strength of his voice."

At this time, Joe Linsman will deliver an oration on "Petticoat Juries and their Blessing to Man."

## GREEK DANCE CRASHERS

Add: Helthys of Idiocy. A couple of small-change Barbs in charge of the polls at the last voting, trying to chase away a couple of big-time Greeks who would ballyhoo for their candidates.

## AT THE WORLD

"Men Call It Love," which will open Friday at the World Theatre, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picturization of the Vincent Lawrence stage hit of 1929, "Among the Married."

Adolphe Menjou is featured as the golf champion Don Juan who seems to take life and his fun as he finds it.

Duke Ellington and his band will headline this attraction.

Olson: "I've an idea!"

Hanser: "I thought you looked worried about something."

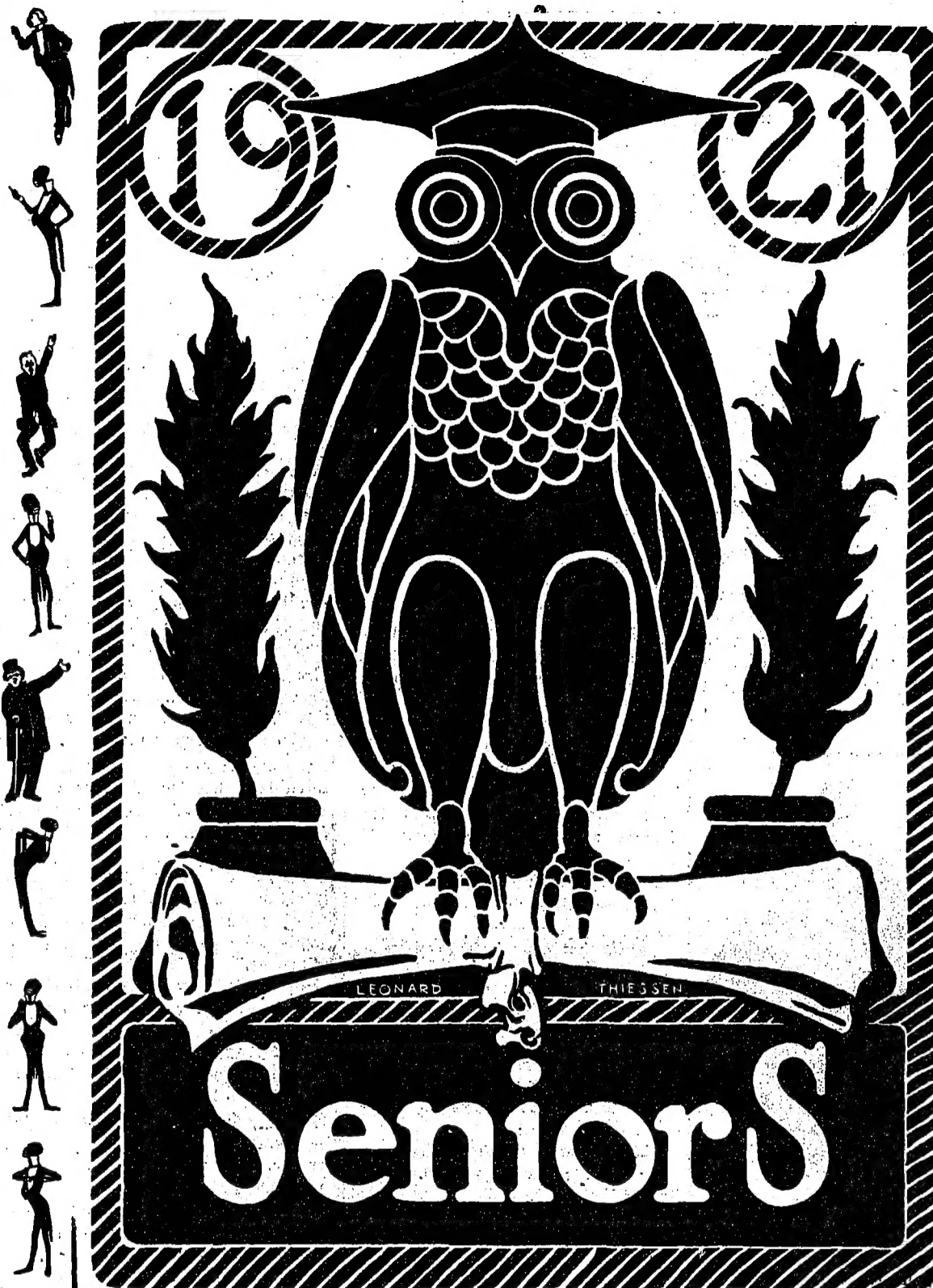
## Summer Work

No home-to-home canvassing. Guaranteed minimum earnings \$400.00 for summer months to those who qualify. Personal interview required. Leave name, address and telephone number in Student Box A.

## Green Garden Tea Room

4823 Florence Blvd.—KE-4174  
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## HELP WANTED



Wanted: Positions as truck drivers, street sweepers, Physics instructors, lawnmower-pushers, principals of high schools and anything else such as presidents of banks drivers of Buicks, and such. We, the undersigned tentative members of the Senior Class, want jobs. See us personally if not sooner.

Anderson, Rowena  
2011 Binney St.  
Barber, John  
2566 Evans St.  
Coulter, Ardith  
1501 East Broadway  
Council Bluffs, Iowa  
Dallas, Barbara  
4812 Woolworth Ave.  
Ekberg, Mildred  
3530 No. 24th St.  
Fogelstrom, Hildur  
2888 Redick Ave.  
White, Elma Gove  
2422 Evans St.  
Gaston, Ralph  
2620 Manderson St.  
Hargrove, Earl  
3106 Binney St.  
Haugness, Glenn  
4024 Camden Ave.  
Hasselblad, Oliver  
3334 Burt St.  
Kase, Evelyn  
320 Ave. B.  
Council Bluffs, Iowa  
Lathrop, Ellis  
2220 Pratt St.  
Marshall, Donald  
3815 No. 27th St.  
Pickard, June  
2457 So. 15th St.  
Robertson, John  
2610 Maple St.  
Riskabaugh, Philip  
3017 Stone Ave.

Winters, Jeanette  
31 Park Circle  
Council Bluffs, Iowa  
Woerner, N. K.  
2852 Pratt St.  
Yohe, W. Dean  
2106 So. 35th St.  
Barth, Frances  
5015 California St.  
Crabb, Walter  
1828 Locust St.  
Dixon, Fred  
2889 Ohio St.  
Dixon, Travis  
2889 Ohio St.  
Dreibus, Helen  
5009 Davenport St.  
Ebener, Fred  
323 No. 42nd St.  
Goldenberg, S. Maurice  
3413 No. 24th St.  
Grosjean, Walter  
4233 Brakine St.  
Groseman, Ida May  
2872 Redick Ave.  
Rooney, Elizabeth  
2202 Dodge St.  
Shafer, Ada  
4816 Capitol Ave.  
Schlansky, Bill  
5215 So. 20th St.  
Shoenfelt, Lorene  
4740 So. 12th St.  
Van Dyke, Maynard  
2724 No. 24th St.

Hinshaw, Hubert  
3127 No. 14th Ave.  
Kuster, Helen  
3408 No. 45th St.  
McConigle, Mary Charlotte  
421 No. 7th St.  
Council Bluffs, Iowa  
Slaetr, Marian  
6742 Florence Blvd.  
Titze, Mildred  
6795 Binney St.  
Vierling, Robert  
5185 Jones St.  
Walter, Herman  
335 Benton St.  
West, Mildred

5209 California St.  
Wheatley, Vernon  
University of Omaha  
Whiteside, Susie  
8007 Ohio St.  
Witte, Gladys  
222 So. 42nd St.  
Wolf, Fred  
4113 No. 21st St.  
Wurgler, Robert  
2023 Wirt St.  
Olechnovic, Jane  
3113 E. Street  
Olive, Wendell  
2436 Saratoga St.

## Old Man Grundy

(This column is open to outside comments. We publish such remarks only once per year. Get yours in on time one year from date—John Baloney, editor).

Dear John:

There's a couple of things I'd like to have you settle for me. Why don't the administration accept credits in shorthand and typing on a regular degree? Seems to me this needs a lot of explaining before I'm to be satisfied.

Another thing is this. Why isn't the athletic field thrown open to fellows who really want a little HONEST exercise a few hours a week? Kindly let me know all about this pretty soon as I've got a couple of jobs ahead of me that need cleaning up.

Yours most kindly,

Joe Bugs.

Dear Baloney: Hoorah for Nevada. At last a group of men representing our youngest state had the courage to step forward and do what the rest of us would like to do. The curtain of the modern, smug-faced, hypocrite is drawn back revealing human nature as it is. Not as we pretend to make it, if you get what I mean.

Why make narrow minded laws that mean less than nothing? Why make laws at all—and then—halfheartedly attempt to enforce them? In every town we have our secret gambling houses and saloons. Why not have them open to the public? Stop this sneaking in and out of back doors.

Nevada makes another step in the legalizing of divorce, after six weeks residency within her boundaries. That appeals to all of us big shots. The greatest study of mankind today is WOMAN. And the proper method of understanding a subject is to study the various types, curves and angles. The six weeks divorce—presents a wonderful opportunity for such study. Today Sue is the wife, six weeks passes and May has replaced her, twelve weeks down the line and it is Anne. No need to worry about a house full of youngsters. Life will be a continual, interesting study of the variations of WOMAN when this plan is adopted.

The population of Nevada is due to have new visitors very soon. Gentlemen (gentlemen?) of Nevada, my hat is off to you.

Yours for another year, P. H. D. (Several other letters suggested members of the faculty who should be removed next year—those who should be teaching little-de-winks in some local kindergarten department—and others—but we leave such necessary adjustments to the new president.—Signed O. M. Grundy.)

Then there was the absent-minded motorist who changed his oil every day and his shirt every 500.

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